

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

White Oaks Lodge No. 20, A. F. & A. M.

Regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

A. L. PARKER, W. M.
M. H. KOCH, Secretary.

Baxter Lodge No. 9, K. of P.

Meets Thursday evening of each week at Tallaferro hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

JOHN BOHNETT, K. of R. & S.
Golden Rule Lodge No. 16, I. O. O. F.

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Tallaferro Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

Ed. F. COMBEY, N. G.
JOE A. GUMM, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Methodist Church.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Sunday School in morning at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

THOS. HODGSON, Pastor.

Arrival and Departure of Daily Mails.

Eastern mail from Carthage arrives, 6 a. m. Eastern mail from Carthage closes, at 6 p. m.

Southern mail via Nogal, Ft. Stanton, Lincoln and Roswell arrives 2 to 3 p. m.

Southern mail for same points departs immediately after the arrival of the eastern mail.

Jicarilla mail arrives Mondays and Thursdays at 12 m. Departs at 1 p. m. same days.

Richardson mail arrives Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m. Departs same days at 1 p. m.

POST-OFFICE HOURS.

7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays—8 a. m. to 9 a. m. and for 1 hour after arrival of stage from Lincoln. Money orders and Register Dep't open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

That Empty Barrel.

"I got my furniture out of storage the other day," said a New Yorker, "and my wife and I thought we would unpack the china and bric-a-brac ourselves, instead of paying 50 cents an hour to the storage men to do it. The stuff was packed in five barrels, one of which we noticed was lighter than the rest.

"When we began to unpack that one, we concluded that it must contain our most fragile articles of vertu, for we first came across a layer of excelsior and soft paper, a foot in thickness. Below this was another layer, equally thick, and when we had half unpacked the barrel and found nothing but excelsior and soft paper we knew not what to think.

"We were still more flabbergasted on finding no china on removing the packing. We, of course, concluded that our things had been stolen and reproached ourselves for our false economy in doing the unpacking ourselves, for it is a rule of the storage concern we patronized not to pay for any articles broken or missing unless its men do the unpacking.

"As we missed nothing when the other barrels had been unpacked, my wife nudged her brains to explain the mystery. She finally remembered that when we gave up housekeeping, 15 years ago, there was a lot of excelsior left over when the china had been packed. In a fit of economy she poked it all in a superfluous barrel, which was duly headed up and carted to the hotel where we spent the winter. It was stored in the corner without being unpacked and last spring was sent to the storage warehouse.

"We accordingly have paid not only for the storage for nine months of an empty barrel, but for its cartage on three different occasions—from the house to the hotel, from the hotel to the storage warehouse and from the warehouse to where we now live!"—New York Sun.

Tragic.

The story of most men in favor for serial publication in newspapers is apt to be tragical and bloody in the extreme. It is related that a contributor offered a continued story intended for such publication to the head of a syndicate.

"Is your story sufficiently dramatic?" asked the syndicate manager. "Does it contain crimes, poisonings—is it dark enough?"

"Dark!" exclaimed the author. "Why, the moment you begin to read it you'll think you're on a train and have gone right into a tunnel."—Youth's Companion.

Not a Work of Necessity.

"You mustn't black your shoes this morning, Johnny," said Mr. Billus.

"Why not?"

"Because it's Sunday. You should have attended to that matter last night. Besides," added Mr. Billus, hurriedly feeling in his upper left hand vest pocket, "I want you to run over to the drug store and get me some cigars."—Chicago Tribune.

A Different Age.

Mr. Meeker—It grieves me sorely, my son, to learn that you tell untruths. Take Washington, for example. He never found it necessary to lie.

Junior Meeker—I know it, father, but in his day there wasn't anything to lie about. He never tried to trade an airgun for a bicycle 'cuz they didn't have 'em. Business is business, you know.—Boston Courier.

A Sufficient Cause.

The gentleman from Boston had gone to Kansas to grow up with the country, but somehow he left there quite suddenly. A Kansan in St. Louis was talking to a man there about the Bostonian's departure.

"We run him clean out of the state," said the Kansan.

"What was that for?"

"We had good reason to. He ought to be thankful we didn't hang him."

"What did he do?"

"Well, we had one of the biggest cyclones of the season just after he came, and he spoke of it as the 'wynd.'"—De troit Free Press.

BEAT THE GAME.

No Dunko Steerer Could Get the Best of Uncle Hiram.

"Yis, I've ben to New York, an I've seen all the sights from the World tower down," said Uncle Hiram Haytuff, lounging into the store of Pinchbeck, the village jeweler.

"Ye hev?" said Pinchbeck sympathetically. "An what do you consider the curiousness experience ye had down thar, Uncle Hiram?"

"I hadn't hardly struck the town," replied the worthy agriculturist, "before a fellow with a gay shirt buzzum an striped pants steps up to me an passes some observations on how the weather was fur crops. Lord knows how he knowed I was from the back districts. 'Waal,' says I to myself, 'here's one o' them bunker fella, Hiram.' Keep your weather eye peeled."

"He wa'n't, though. Didn't pester me to hev a drink an didn't ask how was the folks down to Cornville. I knowed all them tricks by the newspapers. Just as soon as he'd 'ol' said, 'Won't ye hev a little suthin' fr, 'How's Aunt Susan's rumatics?' I'd 'a friz onto that feller an holled 'Portlee'!"

"All's he wanted was to sell me a gold watch wuth, I sh'd judge, a cold hundred. He offered it for \$25, an I seen immit that he must ha' stole it. So I says, 'Mister, I b'leve ye stole that there watch, an I'll give ye yer ch'nces—either I'll call an officer, or ye'll give it to me fur \$10.'"

"I see I scart him bad, an he says kinder sorrowfultike: 'Waal, I s'pose I'll hev to do it. Give me the ten.'"

"Wa'n't yer conscience prickin ye a bit, Uncle Hiram?" asked Pinchbeck.

"No, sircs," replied Uncle Haytuff. "Didn't hev no sort o' compunction 'bout gittin the best of a chap like that. Thar's the watch. Ye kin judge for yerself if I didn't git a bargain."

"I kin supply you with a watch similar," said Pinchbeck after examining the timepiece, "fur about \$10 the dozen."

"Nol Kin ye, though? Waal, Pinchbeck, I wouldn't ha' told ye the rest o' the story of ye hadn't said that. Truth is, I did give \$10 fur it, but 'twas a counterfeits bill. I ain't no greenhorn, even if my pants don't hev crosses fur an aff, by gosh!"—New York World.

How to Attract Flies.

She was a very pretty girl, tastefully dressed, and her brown hair curled and rolled about her low white forehead in a way that was entrancing, considering how hot the weather was and how many fair locks that had been curled that morning were hanging in straight strings over other fair brows.

It was warm in church. There were lots of flies about, but the people seated in the immediate vicinity of the pretty girl were pleased to notice that the flies all hovered round the pretty girl's head.

Only the young man who sat beside her was troubled occasionally by the little pest, for she impatiently brushed from her face when they became too numerous.

At the conclusion of the service the pretty girl and her escort walked out with the rest of the congregation, and the young man was heard to exclaim:

"By George, did you ever see so many flies, Nell?" And Nell replied in another tone:

"Did you notice them, Fred? I declare I shall never try that again. I curled my hair this morning with sugar and water."

Just then the flies discovered their departing victim in the throng, and with a buzz flew after her.—Exchange.

HE EXPLAINED.

They Never Had the Refining Influence of a Mother's Love.

"I'll bet a dollar on the red one. I'll make it ten more if any fellow thinks that gray one will ever knock him out."

"I've got you for \$5."

"Wasn't that a daisy? There he goes right back on the same spot."

"If that gray one had a little more room, he would lick the red quicker than a bound pup can lick a skillet."

These were the strange sounds that were heard on Dearborn street on a recent afternoon when a crowd gathered around a market wagon filled with country produce, with a crate of chickens on top of the potatoes, turnips, etc. The crate was divided, one end containing a half dozen pullets, while in the other end there were two roosters looking as proud as the toy roosters that the Democrats have on hand and are willing to dispose of as a national sacrifice.

The gray bird seemed to have an idea that by sticking his head through the crate and filling his lungs as if he were being examined for a life insurance, he could strike a note that would perhaps be heard by the friends down on the farm. His effort was echoed by the red fellow, who raised him a note or two.

Then they glared at each other much as the tenor looks at the basso after the latter has sung a solo, and a moment later they were at it, with blood and feathers flying all over the crate. There is more or less of the brute in the average man—often more—and there was soon a crowd collected around the wagon. Interest in the outcome of the fight overshadowed any business that was on hand, and divided opinions as to the merits of each bird were freely backed with wagers.

When the man from the country who owned the load came out from a neighboring wet goods dispensary brushing cracker crumbs out of his whiskers, a timid little man who had been a furtive observer of the chicken dispute from the outer circle of the crowd said:

"These chickens of yours have been having an awful fight."

"Yas! Been chewin each other up right smart."

"What do you suppose makes them quarrel so?"

"I dunno, mister. I reckon it's because they was hatched in an incubator and never knowed the refining influence of a mother's early love."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Power of the Press.

Famous Scientist (excitedly)—Something must be done to stop the spread of the opium habit among women.

Great Editor (calmly)—Very well, sir, I'll put in a paragraph saying that a hankerker for opium is a sign of old age.—New York Weekly.

An Exception.

Johnnie—Mamma, this book says knowledge is power.

Mamma—And it is, my child.

"No, mamma, it isn't. I know there is a pile in the pantry, but I can't get it."—Yankee Blade.

Ought to Be Big Now.

The Colonel (with ostentatious modesty)—Yes, I did kill some small boys when out west.

Mrs. Kaustik (who had heard his tales too often)—Nonsense! You should say 'big bears.' They've been growing ever since you killed them.—Chicago Record.

HE TENDED THE FURNACE.

Mr. Wigglesworth Thought He Was Entirely Competent.

"Here's the furnace man's bill," said Mrs. Wigglesworth meekly as her husband put her feet over the register and opened the evening paper.

Mr. Wigglesworth took the bill impatiently, as a man does when his wife hands it to him, and glared it over, his brow darkening. It had been a numerous day for bills.

"It's too much!" he exclaimed. "Fellow comes here in the morning, puts on a few shovels of coal, shakes the furnace down, goes away, comes back and does the same thing at night and charges \$10 a month for it. 'S'ntourage, and I won't put up with it. I'll tend the furnace myself."

"Do—do you think you—understand it?" ventured his wife.

"Undert— There, there," returned Mr. Wigglesworth plyingly, "don't be a fool, Emma." And he smiled that lofty smile which a man keeps on hand for his wife.

The next morning he intercepted the man, dosed the furnace liberally with coal, gave it a good draft and went to the office. Two hours later a boy without any mittens on his hands blew violently in with a note stating that the house was burning up. Mr. Wigglesworth went home at once. He did not run exactly, but the recollection of those open and forgotten drafts struck coldly to his heart and spurred him on. That was why he got there in time to prevent the woodwork doing anything more than to break out in large drooping blisters.

"Why didn't ye shut off the drafts?" he yelled as he rushed down the cellar stairs. "Think I'm a blasted bondholder that I can leave business any minute to run home and tend fires?"

Mrs. Wigglesworth made no reply. She had been married long enough for that. Mr. Wigglesworth snatched upon the doors, scooped in some coal and banged to the drafts, doing all this with a man's emphasis, then went back to the office.

When he came home to supper, he found his wife with her winter cloak on, and there was a blue cast to her features. The mercury had concealed itself in the bulb of the thermometer that hung by the looking glass and was giving vent to blood curdling chuckles.

"Br-r-r!" cried Mr. Wigglesworth as he bulged into the room. "What ails ye? Running a cold storage plant? Got a contract on hand to ship beef south? Why don't ye do more and freeze to death?"

"I—I think the fire is out," his wife returned apologetically.

"Out nothing!" snorted Mr. Wigglesworth, charging down the cellar stairs. But it was, though. Two unpires could not have declared it more so. Mr. Wigglesworth didn't come up from the cellar for 15 hours, which time he was down on his knees working with a steaming brow and some mysterious wrenches to overturn the furnace grate. People going by and looking in at the cellar window might have seen his eyeballs goggling far, far out into the night. At the end of the first hour Mrs. Wigglesworth came half way down the stairs. It was just at the moment when the wrench for the thirtieth time had slipped off the grate bar, taking with it the last knuckle on Mr. Wigglesworth's hand.

"Can't I help you, dear?" she said softly.

"You get up stairs!" screamed Mr. Wigglesworth, taking his fingers out of his mouth to make way for the remark, and his wife understood at once that that was the thing to do.

By and by he had a fire going and came on deck for awhile.

"I s'pose you'd set here and let a fire walk right out over you," he said, with fine sarcasm. "Didn't it appear to you enough to open a draft and save your life?"

"I didn't understand that you wanted me to help you with the furnace," his wife answered coolly as she wound some more bandages around him.

Mr. Wigglesworth's eyes glared balefully, and there was language on his lips, but having neglected to open the smoke pipe he had to rush down stairs again. It took him some time to find out where the trouble lay, and he came back coughing, with his eyes running.

"Why don't ye open a window?" he called. "Want us to be asphyxiated, don't ye, and have to be brought to with directions pasted in a scrapbook? Open some windows somewhere and let's have some fresh air!"

Which was done, and when the smoke went out two cases of incipient pneumonia came in to take its place. Mrs. Wigglesworth went early to bed, accompanied by a rubber hot water bottle prepared expressly for the occasion. Her husband sat up to nurse the furnace. She never learned what hour he came to bed. She was dreaming at the moment of being afloat in the tropic seas. Beautiful foliage and flowers gladdened the shores near which she sailed, and anon the soft note of a bulbous came, borne on the spiny breeze that wafted warmly from the distant groves.

Next morning the man came and built a new fire. Mr. Wigglesworth stood gloomily over him watching how it was done. Then he came up stairs, where a gentle heat was diffusing itself throughout the rooms.

"Don't you think"—his wife began.

"Don't ye think nothing!" he cried angrily. "You're always whining around about my economizing with this thing and that thing, but don't you ever say anything more to me about tending your old furnace. You're like all those smart aleck women who are always snuffling around about the ballot and all them things, but the next time you've got any economizing to do with a furnace you take and borrow the money of your own father and do it."

And to this day Mrs. Wigglesworth believes that somehow she was responsible for it.—W. O. Fuller, Jr., in Rockland Tribune.

Nature and Art Crowding Each Other.

"I wish the man sitting behind me would quit brushing against my back hair!" angrily exclaimed the slim young woman in one of the front rows, addressing the plump young woman by her side.

"It's my long nose, miss," apologized the man behind her, "and I can't shorten it. You'll have to take in your Psycho knot a little."—Chicago Record.

Some Help.

Penwiper—I've just had an addition to my family, sir, and I would like an increase in my wages.

Head of Firm—I can't do that, Penwiper, but I'll arrange it so you can work nights.—New York World.

Admonished.

Commercial Traveler (to employer)—Well, I'm off, Mr. Giggles. Good!

Employer—Goodbye, and a successful trip, and remember, Mr. Blowhard, that order is heaven's first law.—Tit-Bits.

IT WAS COLD.

But Just How Cold It Was He Didn't Realize Until Later.

Four men sat around the table—four men and seven bottles. The bottles were empty; the men were not entirely so.

"You have all seen pretty cold weather, I must say, and it must have taken good constitutions to stand it, but out home," said the man from the west, with a quiet smile. Then he put down the bottle and went on:

"Out home, I started to say, it gets even colder than here, I imagine. I remember one night last winter, for instance, when it rather surprised me. I knew it was going to be frosty, but the mercury gradually crept down the tube of my longest thermometer until it had disappeared entirely in the bulb at the bottom."

"What did you do then?" asked one of his companions.

"Turned the thermometer," replied the westerner. "Curious to see just how cold it was going to be, I turned it upside down and hung it on the wall again. Inside of five minutes it had dropped the whole length of the tube once more and was huddled together in one lump, trying to keep warm. I felt sorry for that mercury, but I turned the thing again and hung it up where the cold was less noticeable. If you will believe me, gentlemen, I reversed ends by actual count with that thermometer seven times that night. Then I got tired of getting out of bed and let the thing go. The following morning I figured out that it must have been at least 375 degrees below zero, not taking into consideration."

The westerner who had searched for the absolute zero paused and on looking around found himself alone with the empty bottles.

"Excuse me, sir," said the waiter respectfully, "but the gentlemen who went out just now told me to remind you to settle the bill."—Truth.

The Pastor's Diary.

Here is a page from the diary of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, pastor of the church at Conway, Mass., early in the present century:

Jan. 1, 1800.—Had much company. In the evening married a couple; fee, \$1.25. Had a cheese given me; value, \$1. Deacon Ware, a present of beef; value, about 20 cents.

Jan. 4.—Attended to study. Bottle rum, 50 cents.

Jan. 23.—Married three couples; fee, \$6.25.

Feb. 4.—Paid a woman tailor for one day 25 cents.

July 3.—Bottle rum at Dardwell's store, 50 cents.

Aug. 12.—Two quarts of rum at Williams' store, \$1.50. Paid for killing hog, 17 cents.

Oct. 10.—Put in a cellar for winter use 85 barrels of cider; value, \$32.

Dec. 22.—Lord's day. Preached from II Samuel 1, 27, "How are the mighty fallen."—Collector.

Harmonious.

She—Your step suits mine beautifully! He—How lucky! Especially as I dance so badly!

Simple.

A conjurer is naturally supposed to be the cleverest man in the company. Some times, however, he is only next to the cleverest.

One evening a man was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in the front:

"Say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can!" replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks!" replied the boy amid roars of laughter.—Youth's Companion.

Precocious.

Her long silken lashes swept her cheek, but swept off nothing.

"I confess," faltered the noble lord who was sitting for her hand, "that I have been divorced three times, and that I have eloped with an actress."

She trembled.

"But," she rejoined as calmly as possible, "my happiness is at stake, and you are almost a stranger. Ought I not to ask even further evidence of your noble lineage and aristocratic connections?"—De troit Tribune.

The Tendency.

The orchestra was playing the overture. The gallery was already manifesting impatience.

"I suppose," remarked the soubrette as she stood before the mirror, "that everybody in the audience will despise me in this costume."

The leading lady mused.

"You certainly can't be surprised," she rejoined, "if they look down on you."

The soubrette more fully glanced at her gauze skirt and shivered.—Detroit Tribune.

A Load on Her Mind.

Mrs. O'Brien—Good mornin, Mrs. McCabe. An phwat makes yer look so sad?

Mrs. McCabe—Shure, Dennis was sent to jail for six months.

Mrs. O'Brien—Well, shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass.

Mrs. McCabe—Shure, that's phwat worries me.—Tit-Bits.

Trained.

"Mr. Winks is a very pleasant gentleman. Is he married or single?"

"Married, I'm sure."

"Did he speak of his wife?"

"No, but he didn't once forget to lean against the sofa pillows."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Eligible Offer.

The old Count Spoloverin has had his callous heart set all aglow by the fiery glances of a bewitching young lady, and he proposes to her in the following terms:

"Eligoria, will you do me the honor of becoming my widow?"—Farfalla Stelli.

OZANNE'S Tri-Weekly Passenger and Express Line

FROM

SAN ANTONIO to LINCOLN

VIA

White Oaks, Nogal and Fort Stanton!

Elegant new coaches have been put on this line, which will leave San Antonio every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately after the arrival of the train, for which it will wait, however late the train may be; and will reach San Antonio from White Oaks every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY and connect with the eastbound train. No more night travel. Passengers will stop over night at the Mountain Station ranch, and reach White Oaks in time for dinner next day. None but careful, sober men are employed to drive, and no expense will be spared to make passengers safe and comfortably. Coaches will leave White Oaks every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the railroad. In all my eight years experience in carrying the U. S. mail I have never had a single accident resulting in injury to any one. Passengers who regard their comfort and safety will do well to patronize the Ozanne Stage Line, and when they reach White Oaks to

Stop at the Hotel Ozanne!